











**SARSAPARILLA**  
**SANDS** **NEW-YORK**

130 pieces 140  
 120 pieces 160  
 110 pieces 180  
 100 pieces 200  
 90 pieces 220  
 80 pieces 240  
 70 pieces 260  
 60 pieces 280  
 50 pieces 300  
 40 pieces 320  
 30 pieces 340  
 20 pieces 360  
 10 pieces 380  
 5 pieces 400

supply of Pitts-  
 by the quantity  
 sales of Wheel-

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 sales of Wheel-

pool. Wood  
to \$3 per load.  
Final at 37c/8c;  
and 37c; from  
Mer Mould and  
to 40c/45c.  
Grocery market  
Prices are firm  
this week  
Sugar, 319  
lbs during the  
quote retail  
sales of Java  
Orleans Sugar  
315 lbs at 47c,  
and 47c/48c.  
Low, Clarified  
Less, 315 lbs at  
47c; with  
light sales at  
47c. Sugar  
to quality.

lished reputation wherever it has been used, is entirely on its own merits, which its superior efficacy alone sustained. The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, scrofulous pained, clogged with athers, inclined to hemorrhage, and liable to all the evils of the blood. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopeless years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chloremia, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretive organs and the circulation, have been raised as if they were from the rank of the dead, and now, with regenerated constitutions, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

It is a fact, that persons who have used it, and whose recollections, has been published from time to time, and were it desirable, a mass of the most overwhelming testimony could be brought forward, proving most conclusively its inestimable value. The afflicted, and those who have not used this medicine, are invited to visit

trial of its virtues, and appropriate to themselves  
benefits which it alone can bestow.

**'TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION'**

The attention of the reader is called to the following astonishing cure, effected by the use of Sander's Sassa-  
rilla:

This is to certify that I have a colored woman who has been afflicted for the last five years with Scrofula, and the remedies I used had no effect in relieving her. I was at length of the complaint, on the contrary, she constantly increased in her sufferings, and expended between one and fifty dollars with physicians, and medicines, and still she remained without success, till the disease had taken her into the carriage of the lungs, and she was unable to perform various parts of her body, and had finally commenced cavages in the face of her mouth.

In this dreadful condition, with the prospect of death staring her in the face, I called on the agent for Sander's Sassa-  
rilla, in Newbern, N. C., whom I was advised to use this article; and to my surprise and that of my friends, it effected a complete cure, after using four or five small bottles she was enabled to perform all the usual office of the organs of the body, and to take her usual place in the family.

commented taking it.  
I have been the mouth of this statement. I have  
also asked my wife, this 19th day of June, 1887.  
JOSEPH McCOTTER, J. R.  
Mouth of New River, Craven Co., S. C.

**ULCER CURED OF SEVEN YEARS STANDING**  
This cure was effected in July, 1884, there have been  
no symptoms of a return, and her health still continues  
good, July, 1885.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1885.

MRS. STANLEY, Gentlemen—I enclose it but not  
of justice to you state the following facts in relation  
to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an  
old cancerous ulcer on my leg.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and  
skilled physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of  
many of the best medical authorities, but without  
the least benefit whatever. All the various medicines  
of the cancer were resorted to; for five weeks incessant  
use of the iodine and exsiccated bone was made  
for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of  
acid, and the cavity of internal ulcer was so large the  
solid over exposure of the bone was made, and  
the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the cure

receiving rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not  
be taken care of, I would have been dead  
would be fatal. I was advised to have the chest  
open and the bones examined, but finding no relief  
I was told to try the medicine. I took it for  
years, I almost despaired of recovery, and can  
only say I am nearly cured.

My friends and physicians and certificates of cure  
from the *Sancti Sarsaparilla*, in cases similar to my  
I concluded to try the medicine, several of which  
from the *Sancti Sarsaparilla*, in cases similar to my  
disease, produced no very decided change. Could  
the only person cured for my case, I persevered  
until the disease was completely cured. There is  
no months since the cure was completed, there is  
no slightest appearance of the return. *I therefore*  
*Sancti Sarsaparilla*, and the cure was complete.

*SARSAPARILLA*, as I took no other medicine of any kind  
the time I was cured, and I have taken any other  
to excise this long article.

which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable *Sancti*  
*Sarsaparilla* cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence,  
and I am now able to perform my duties and my  
obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot  
and I do most respectfully recommend it to ladies afflicted in  
the same manner as I was, and to all who are in  
truth as stated above, and many other things in relation

to case. NANCY J. MILLER, 218 S. Main St.,  
SANDS' CELEBRATED SARSAPARILLA.

This excellent compound, which is creating so  
universal interest throughout the country, has made  
successfully into the favor of our citizens and the  
highest medical profession of the city. It is one of the  
of this invaluable medicine—if we can call a vegetable  
beverage medicine—but not until recently have we  
been so proud to have it in our midst. It is a  
of it. But, from facts in our possession, we are  
well convinced that, without any exception, it is the  
most efficacious remedy for all the various diseases  
to be cured for the cure of all chronic disease,  
inflammation and scrofula, and all impurities of the blood  
in general.

It has so long been remarked that the ages one of  
truma and postum vendors, that we hardly dare re-  
commend a valuable medicine, for fear that it will  
we jeopardize our reputation for integrity and con-  
sistency; but in this instance we hesitate not to hazard the  
mark which we have so long held sacred.

**SORE THROAT.**

The following is an extract from a letter received  
Mrs. FLEAHER, who had been afflicted several

**POETRY**  
**SAM MOORE.**

... complete,  
with alleviate  
the heart of  
an edition  
of poems are the  
very  
Hastings that people  
the  
to be th  
Ingru

[illegible]

**DR. J. C. SANDS,**  
Prepared and sold wholesale and retail, by A. S. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton st., New York; W. R. Wilson, New Orleans; J. B. Williams, Louisville; G. W. Norton, Lexington; Geo. Gillette, Paris; Seaton & Sharpe, Mayaguez; H. B. Hooper, St. Louis; and all druggists and chemists. Price per bottle \$1 per Bottle; six bottles for \$5.  
December 18, 1896.—1 year.

**NEW STEAM FURNACE FACTORY**  
CORNER OF MAPLE AND FOURTEENTH STS.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

**WE ARE PREPARED TO MANUFACTURE** every style of boiler, on terms as favorable as anywhere else obtaining in the West. The patronage of the public is solicited.

**WANTED.**—Cherry, Walnut, Sycamore, Gum and  
lar Lumber.  
Aug. 8—*U.*  
*J. M. & A. J. LINCOLN.*

**U. M. HANBLEY,**  
COLLECTOR AND GENERAL AGENT,  
*Lexington, Ky.*

**WILL** attend promptly to any business entrusted  
him—will act as Agent for the collection of m  
and closing accounts, &c, &c. Charges moderate.  
April 1, 1898 *U*



Hand of the Desert in the Hour-Glass.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime  
Of Arab desert brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,  
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been  
About those desert dunes,  
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,  
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camel of the Ishmaelite  
Trampled and passed it o'er,  
When into Egypt, from the patriarch's sight,  
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread;  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air  
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth,  
Held close in her arms,  
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith  
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Egipt's palms  
Facing the Red Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Arabian psalms,  
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate  
With westward steps depart;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,  
And resolute in heart;

These have passed over it, or may have passed!  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, those narrow walls expand;  
Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And here aloft by the sustaining blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form and fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and the broader shadow run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;  
The half-hour's sand is run.

The ex-editor in "Jerrold's News" gives, in a  
late number, some interesting particulars in re-  
lation to the Quarterly, Edinburgh, and some  
other Reviews in Great Britain, with some  
anecdotes of well-known persons, which we  
copy:

The Quarterly Review did not make its  
appearance until 1809. The only writers  
were men of talent and great weight with  
the Tory party. Canning, Frere, Ellis,  
Southey, Croker, some of the High Church  
party, and even bishops, are said to have  
been among its contributors. It was suffi-  
cient for a work to be condemned in the  
Quarterly. There were admirable articles  
in this Review upon subjects unconnected  
with politics. In its articles on classical  
literature it was far beyond the Edinburgh.  
Unfortunately too many were marked by  
statements wholly untrue, and by inexcusable  
political violence; in religion it was  
intensely bigoted. I remember an attack  
upon Lady Morgan and her writings, so  
wholly beneath the self-respect of any edu-  
cated pen, even the virulence of the Quar-  
terly, that it attracted general attention.—  
Lady M., it was reported, attributed the  
paper to Croker. I remember expressing  
an opposite opinion, for though Croker was  
an uncompromising foe, never knew a  
blush, and was not at all remarkable for  
sticking at trifles, yet, as he moved in so-  
ciety among gentlemen, he must, I thought,  
have felt that, even in laying on the lash,  
to descend beneath the level of conven-  
tional manners always injured a cause,  
especially in the case of a female. Some  
years after I found I had been right; Croker  
was innocent of the charge; the article was  
Gifford's, and from him it came in the char-  
acter of the man who was low in manners  
and vulgar in feeling to the last. How I  
knew this, and the writers of some other  
papers in that work, is too long a story to  
tell here. The papers of Southey were  
many of them confirmatory of the remark  
that the apostate from principle always be-  
comes the most unrelenting enemy of the  
side he has forsaken. In private life Southey  
was very amiable and exemplary, but as a  
public character he was a bigot, after being  
a renegade. His articles always exhibited  
a strong taint of Jesuitism. Upon the  
resignation of Gifford in 1824, the Quar-  
terly was edited by Mr. Coleridge, junior,  
the son of the poet, but only for a short  
time. He was by no means equal to such a  
task. The Quarterly then fell, through  
Sir Walter Scott's agency, into the hands  
of Mr. Lockhart, a man of genius and a  
scholar, where it now remains.

When the Edinburgh and Quarterly  
started there were extant, of the same class  
of works, the Monthly Review, the Critical,  
and British Critic. I remember seeing also  
some numbers of an English Review in my  
boyhood. This last was said to be estab-  
lished mainly through the instrumentality  
of a Dr. Thompson, a friend of Dr. Parr,  
and author of a book called "The Man in  
the Moon." The Monthly Review was  
established in 1749, and up to the time of  
the appearance of the Edinburgh in 1802  
had a reputation. It was first the property  
of a Mr. Griffiths, who for a considerable  
time was the editor, assisted by Dr. Rose,  
of Okehampton, and a Mr. Cleveland; indeed  
it was said that they had originally project-  
ed it in concert. Old Jenkins, the first  
Lord Liverpool, whose writings, Peter  
Pindar said, showed not a spark of fire  
until they were put into the grate, Dr.  
Charles Burney, not the musical Burney,  
but the Grecian, and Dr. Rose, of En-  
cyclopædia renown, were contributors.—  
There was little attempt at essay writing,  
the work reviewed not being a peg to hang  
an elaborate dissertation upon, according  
to the modern system. There was little  
either that was discursive, while the opin-  
ions expressed were not always founded  
upon a far-seeing judgment. The British  
Critic was instituted principally through  
Aristocles Nares, prebendary of Lincoln,  
not the Dr. Nares who wrote "Thinks I  
to Myself." I knew him well, both for a  
sound scholar, and an excellent man. It  
was in his Review of Dr. Parr criticised  
the splendid edition of "Horace," which he  
had himself projected in concert with Dr.  
Combe and Mr. Homer, but out of which  
the doctor backed before the joint editorship  
commenced, perhaps thinking his con-  
dition hardly equal to the task. When the  
book came out the numerous blunders in  
the Greek quotations caught Parr's sharp  
eye. He sent a notice of the work to Dr.  
Nares for the Review. This enraged Dr.  
Combe, who understood midwifery better  
than Greek. He rejoined in a letter to  
which Parr gave an answer in a pamphlet.  
Of the parties who started the Critical Re-  
view I do not recollect the names, if I ever  
heard them. All this class of reviews,  
eclipsed by their rivals of London and  
Edinburgh, have passed away. The superi-  
ority of those, always excepting their  
superiority of honest opinion to political an-  
tipathy and personal prejudice, when they

chanced to clash together, did prodigious  
good in a literary sense, as well as in the  
diffusion of information. There was man-  
nerly writing in both, and the principles  
they supported were respectively upheld by  
the best possible arguments. In one re-  
spect the situation of the Quarterly was a  
painful one, owing to the exhibition by  
time of its falseness of position. Every  
advancing year saw some favorite dogma  
contravened, some just oracular announce-  
ment prove as false as if it had issued from  
the lips of a priest of Baal, in place of  
those of the sleekest and most rabid ortho-  
doxy. The Edinburgh, on the contrary,  
saw its views continually carried out. The  
corn laws, for example, were part and  
parcel of the British constitution with  
the one, they were impugned by the other.—  
Even distinguished writers of the Quarterly,  
fading policy no longer tenable against  
truth and justice, altered their opinions to  
the adverse side. We may date from these  
reviews a new species of authorship rather  
than pure criticism, always excepting cer-  
tain masterly articles directed solely to  
critical objects, on works that admitted no  
excuse for showing the cloven foot. Re-  
views are now multiplied; we have, or had,  
recently, two monthly, and nine quarterly,  
counting in the fathers of the family.

Some of my first delights in reading  
poetry were received from the sonnets of  
Charlotte Smith. Like Jane Porter, she  
was compelled to write from pecuniary  
circumstances as much as inclination. Her  
husband had been unfortunate in life, and  
she contributed a considerable aid to their  
subsistence by this means. I have the  
small fourth quarto edition of these sonnets,  
bearing date in 1786, the publication of  
which she survived twenty years. It is  
printed for John Dodsley. It came to me  
from Jamaica on the death of an uncle  
there of yellow fever, being given to me by  
his executor. It is very dissimilar in ap-  
pearance from editions of poetry in the pre-  
sent time. The adverse fortunes of Char-  
lotte Smith chequered her career, and gave  
that melancholy egotism to her works which  
is one cause perhaps of their being so in-  
teresting. Of the novels of this lady, and  
she produced many, I remember "March-  
mont" and the "Banished Man." I think  
the "Old Manor" was also hers. The  
"Banished Man" was, as I recollect, an  
imaginary French emigrant. It was a tale  
of adventure, and did not display any very  
deep insight into the workings of the hu-  
man heart. Gaethe's "Werther"—that piece  
of authorship which he might well wish to  
have blotted before his death—caught many  
youthful fancies at the time of its appear-  
ance, and for years subsequently, and sev-  
eral of Charlotte Smith's sonnets were  
supposed to be written by that ridiculous  
spring of false taste. I remember reading  
it with pleasure the first time, and losing  
the immortality of the story in sympathy  
for the ideal sufferer. Neither the lapse in  
morals nor the want of fidelity to nature  
struck me; the truth being, perhaps, that  
in youth we forget the morality of a work  
when its appeals are so to our sensibility.—  
Mrs. Smith died, I believe, in 1806, little  
beyond the middle age. The sonnets of  
the Rev. Lewis Bowles were among my  
youthful reading. I think the sonnet has  
been much undervalued in England as a  
vehicle for a single sentiment. We have  
some as good in their way as even the  
Italians can boast, but for that commodity  
in literature as well as art we have but  
little. One is led to rank Bowles' poetic  
writings among the productions of an amia-  
ble, virtuous, reflective mind, tender, but  
never passionate, and touched with the  
cold correctness of the scholar rather than  
with the "thoughts that breathe and words  
that burn." I saw him I think but twice  
among other company where he was not  
likely to stand out.

I have spoken of being suppressed be-  
fore Sir Vicary Gibbs. He was the patron  
of Lord Gifford, an Exeter man, and get son  
of a grocer, who contrived to get most of  
the briefs on the circuit near his native  
home. His elevation did Gibbs no more  
credit than his own career. Gifford was  
never meant for more than a common place  
barrier—not one who knew him, but was  
of that opinion. Mind beyond his "trade"  
he had none. From his name coming up-  
permost, I just recall a case in court where  
he was present with Jekyll. The client of  
the latter was remarkable for wearing an  
enormous neckcloth. Jekyll began: "Gen-  
tlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this  
case is Mr. F. W.—, of T., a gentleman  
generally remarkable throughout this coun-  
ty for wearing a pillow round his neck  
and sometimes a bolster." The party was  
a friend of mine, to whose failing in the  
way of neckcloth I can bear witness.—  
Both rest now in the narrow house, Jekyll's  
fame for wit is yet remembered by the bar,  
especially in these days of dull barristers  
and matter-of-fact judges.

Of his [the Earl of Dudley] extraordi-  
nary absence of mind, and his unfortunate  
habit of "thinking aloud," many amusing  
anecdotes have been in circulation. It is  
a fact that, when he was in the Foreign  
Office, he directed a letter intended for the  
French to the Russian Ambassador, shortly  
before the affair of Navarino; and, strange  
as it may appear, it awaited him the high-  
est honor. Prince Lieven, who never  
made any mistakes of the kind, set it down  
as one of the cleverest ruses ever attempted  
to be played off, and gave himself immense  
credit for not falling into the trap laid for  
him by the sinister ingenuity of the English  
Secretary. He returned the letter with a  
most polite note, in which he vowed, of  
course, that he had not read a line of it,  
after he had ascertained that it was intended  
for Prince Polignac, but could not help  
telling Lord Dudley, at an evening party,  
that he was "top fin," but diplomats of his  
[Prince Lieven's] standing were not so easily  
caught.

Lord Dudley was afflicted with what  
may not be improperly termed the disease  
of thinking aloud—that is, of unconsciously  
giving utterance to involuntary thoughts,  
which other men confide to the secret de-  
pository of their own breasts. An amusing  
anecdote of this singular failing of the  
mind is related of his lordship.

Lord Dudley had been invited to the  
house of a friend upon the occasion of  
some great fête, but being a man of early  
habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain  
hour, having some miles to travel before he  
could obtain his accustomed repose. To his  
great mortification, after repeated in-  
quiries for Lord Dudley's carriage it had  
not arrived, and his lordship, as well as  
others, imagined that some accident must  
have happened to it. One of the guests,  
seeing how much his lordship was discon-  
certed by the event, very politely offered  
him a seat in his. The gentleman in  
question had to pass his lordship's house on  
his return home, and though he was almost  
a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and  
position in the country were, of course,  
well known to him, and the civility was

no more than one gentleman would, un-  
der similar circumstances, have offered to  
another. Nevertheless, they had not been  
seated in the carriage more than twenty  
minutes when the peer, who, being tired,  
had, up to that moment, maintained a most  
perfect silence, observed, in a low but dis-  
tinctly audible tone of voice—"I am very  
sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know  
the man. It was civil, certainly, but the  
work is, I suppose, I must ask him to dis-  
miss it. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then  
repeated into his former state of taciturnity,  
when, after a few minutes, the gentleman,  
pretending to be afflicted with the same  
failing, and imitating his lordship's tone,  
observed—"Perhaps he'll think I did it to  
make his acquaintance. Why, I would  
have done the same to any farmer on his  
estate. I hope he won't think it necessary  
to ask me to dinner. I'll be damned if I'd  
accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley lis-  
tened with earnest interest, immediately  
comprehended the joke which he had him-  
self provoked, offered his hand with much  
happy good will to his companion, making  
every proper apology for his involuntary  
rudeness—and from that night the travelers  
became inseparable friends.

The Bird of Passage is the title of a little  
volume of sketches, by Mrs. Romer, just pub-  
lished in England, by Bentley. The following  
sketch contains matter for reflection:

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—"The charge  
of public executioner of Paris has for many  
generations remained in the same family,  
and the race of Sanson or (Monsieur de  
Paris, as he is usually called—for the heads-  
man and the Archbishop of Paris share in  
common the same title) may claim the hor-  
rible privilege of having, during the last  
two centuries, not only spilled the blood of  
all that was most atrociously criminal and  
ignoble in the capital, but also, in more  
recent times, that of all that was purest,  
noblest, best in the kingdom—the blood of  
the royal martyrs, and of those whose fidelity  
to their cause led to their being involved  
in the same cruel fate.

What an awful chronicle might be com-  
piled from the observations of this family!  
And yet these Sansons, born and bred to  
so detestable an inheritance that the heart  
sickens at the mere thought of it, and the  
imagination cannot divest itself of the idea  
that persons exercising their functions must  
necessarily be characterized by cruelty and  
brutality—these men, who are avoided as  
Pariahs, forbidden to enter into a public  
vehicle or a public theatre, repulsed with  
ignominious scorn from the bosom of the  
community, condemned to associate only  
with those of their own profession, and in  
short, treated in a way but too well calcu-  
lated to make their minds overflow with  
bitterness towards the rest of mankind—are  
said to be good, mild, benevolent beings;  
exemplary in their domestic relations, and  
charitable in the highest degree to the poor!

I remember having occasion, a few years  
ago, to go to a tradesman whose workshop  
was situated in the street inhabited by the  
executioner of Paris, exactly opposite to his  
house; and that, curious to know something  
of his fearful neighbors, I questioned the  
man about them, fully expecting to hear  
that they were ogres of the raw head and  
bloody-bone tribe, objects of terror and ex-  
ecration to the whole neighborhood. What  
was my astonishment at learning that the  
paternal family of Sanson, of which three  
generations inhabited the same dwelling,  
were full of the milk of human kindness,  
respected throughout the district for the  
purity of their lives and their extensive chari-  
ties to the poor, and that the bourgeois him-  
self was remarkable for a certain degree of  
moderation in his tastes and habits, his lei-  
sure hours being devoted to the cultiva-  
tion of flowers, and playing on the piano!

The man further added that "Monsieur de  
Paris" lived in very solid comfort, that his  
house was very handsome, and that the  
income accruing from his salary and per-  
quisites amounted to above twenty thousand  
francs a year, a large portion of which was  
given away in alms to the destitute.

"Allez, madame," said my informant, in  
conclusion, "si tout le monde faisait autant  
de bien que le Bourreau de Paris, il n'y  
aurait gueres de malheureux!"

Female Influence.—How much influence women exercise in  
society! They need not busy or besir them-  
selves to increase it, the responsibility under  
which they live is heavy enough as it is. It  
is a trite remark this, but I wish that all  
women could be brought conscientiously to  
reflect, as some few of them certainly do,  
upon the account that they shall be able to  
render for the powers they do or might  
have exercised. To say nothing of that  
brief, but despotism which every woman  
possesses over the man in love with her—a  
power immense, unaccountable, incalculable,  
but in general so evanescent as but to  
make a brilliant episode in the tale of life,  
—how almost insupportable is the influence  
exercised by wives, sisters, friends, and  
most of all by mothers! Upon the mother,  
perhaps most of all, the destiny of the man,  
as far as human means are to be regarded,  
depends. Fearful responsibility! and by too  
many mothers how carelessly, how thought-  
lessly, how frivolously, how almost  
wickedly, is the obligation discharged.—An-  
gela.

Hide Them Away.  
BY ANN PAGE.

Hide them, O hide them all away—  
His cap, his little frock;  
And take from out my shining sight  
Your curling golden lock;

Ah, once I traced upon his brow!  
Ye torture me anew—  
Leave not so dear a token here—  
Ye know not what ye do!

Last night the moon came in my room,  
And on my bed did lie;  
I rolled in the ether light  
I thought I heard him cry:

I leaned toward the little crib,  
The curtain drew aside  
Before, half-sleeping, I thought  
Me, that my boy had died!

Take them away! I cannot look  
On sight that breathes of him!  
Oh, take away the silver cup,  
His lips have touched the brim;

Take the straw hat from off the wall,  
The wreathed with willow flowers;  
The rustling leaves do whisper me  
Of all the loved lost hours.

The rattle, with its music balls—  
Oh, do not let them sound!  
The dimpled hand that grasped them once,  
Is cold beneath the ground.

The willow wagon on the lawn  
Through all my years I see;  
Roll away, Oh, gently roll  
It is an agony!

His shoes are in the corner, nurse,  
His little feet no more  
Will patter like the falling rain,  
Fast up and down the floor.

And turn that picture to the wall—  
His laughing, merry eyes  
Are piercing through my very heart—  
Again I see him die!

Oh, anguish! how he gazed on me  
When parted out his breath:  
I never, never knew before  
How terrible was death.

My boy—my own—my only one—  
Art thou for ever gone?  
O God! help me to bear the stroke  
That leaves me all alone!

Remarkable story.

In Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Sketches  
of his Own time," we find the following re-  
markable story. A Mrs. O'Flaherty and a Mr.  
Lanegan, private tutor to her son, were arrested  
for the murder of her husband by poison. The  
lady betrayed her accomplice and fled, and  
Lanegan was tried, convicted, and sentenced to  
be hanged and quartered at Dublin:

A Templar and a friend of mine, Mr.  
David Lauder, a soft, fat, good-humored,  
superstitious young fellow, was sitting in  
his lodgings (Devereux Court, London), one  
evening at twilight. I was with him, and  
we were agreeably employed in eating  
strawberries and drinking Madeira. While  
chatting away in cheerful mood, and laugh-  
ing loudly at some remark made by one  
of us, my back being toward the door, I  
perceived my friend's color suddenly  
change; his eyes seemed fixed and ready to  
start out of his head; his lips quivered con-  
vulsively; his teeth chattered; large drops  
of perspiration flowed down his forehead,  
and his hair stood nearly erect.

As I saw nothing calculated to excite  
these emotions, I naturally conceived my  
friend was seized with a fit, and rose to  
assist him. He did not regard my move-  
ments in the least, but seizing a knife  
which lay on the table, with the point of  
a palisad man, retreated backward, his eyes  
still fixed, to a distant part of the room,  
where he stood shivering, and attempting  
to pray; but not at the moment recollect-  
ing any prayer, he began to repeat his cate-  
chism, thinking it the next best thing he  
could do: as, "What is your name? David  
Lauder? Who gave you that name? My  
godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!"  
etc. etc.

I instantly concluded the man was mad;  
and turning about to go for some assistance,  
was myself not a little startled at sight of  
a tall, rough-looking personage, many days  
unshaven, in a very shabby black dress,  
and altogether of the most uncouth appear-  
ance. The stranger and I stood motion-  
less; at length he broke silence, and ad-  
dressing my friend, said, in a low croaking  
voice, "Don't be frightened, Mr. Lauder;  
sure 'tis me that's here."

When David heard the voice, he fell on  
his knees, and subsequently fell upon his  
face, in which position he lay motionless.

The spectre (as I now began to imagine  
it) was stalked toward the door, and I was  
in hopes he intended to make his exit  
thereby; instead of which, however, having  
deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat him-  
self down in the chair I had previously  
occupied, with a countenance nearly as  
full of horror as that of David Lauder him-  
self.

I was now totally bewildered; and scarce  
knowing what to do, was about to throw  
a jug of water over my friend, to revive him  
if possible, when the stranger, in his croak-  
ing voice, cried, "For the love of God, give  
me some of that, for I am perishing!" I  
hesitated, but at length did so; he took the  
jug and drank immoderately.

My friend David now ventured to look  
up a little, and perceiving that I was be-  
coming so familiar with the goblin, his  
courage somewhat revived, although his  
speech was still confused; he stammered,  
rose upon his knees, held up his hands as  
if in supplication, and gazed at the figure  
for some time, but at length made up his  
mind that it was tangible and mortal. The  
effect of this decision on the face of David  
was as ludicrous as the fright had been.—  
He seemed quite ashamed of his former  
terror, and affected to be stout as a lion,  
though it was visible that he was not at all  
so.

He now roared out in the broad  
savage Kerry dialect—"Why men, blood  
and thunder, is that you, Lanegan?"

"Ah, sir, speak low!" said the wretched  
being.

"How the devil," resumed David, "did you  
get your four quarters stitched together  
again, after the hangman cut them off of  
you at Stephen's Green?"

"Ah! gentlemen," exclaimed the poor  
culprit, "speak low; have mercy on me,  
Master David; you know it was I taught  
you your Latin. I am starving to death!"

"You shall not die in that way, you vil-  
laneous schoolmaster!" said David, pushing  
toward him a loaf of bread and a bottle of  
wine that stood on the table; but standing  
aloof himself, as though not yet quite de-  
cided as to the nature of the intruder.

The miserable creature having eaten the  
bread with avidity, and drunk two or three  
glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more  
seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he  
communicated every circumstance relating  
to his sudden appearance before us. He  
confessed having bought the arsenic at the  
desire of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was  
aware of the application of it, but solemnly  
protested that it was she who had seduced  
him; he then proceeded to inform us that  
after having been duly hanged, the sheriff  
had delivered his body to his mother, but  
not until the executioner had given a slight  
cut on each limb, just to save the law;  
which cuts bled profusely, and were prob-  
ably the means of preserving his life. His  
mother, conceiving that the vital spark was  
not extinct, had put him into bed, dressed  
his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck  
with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued  
this process, and accompanied it by pouring  
warm brandy and water down his throat,  
in the course of an hour he was quite sen-  
sible, but experienced hard pains for sev-  
eral weeks before his final recovery. His  
mother filled the coffin he was brought  
home in with bricks, and got some men to  
bury it the same night in Kilmainham  
burial ground, as if ashamed to inter him in  
open day. For a long time he was unable  
to depart, being every moment in dread of  
discovery; at length, however, he got off  
by night in a smuggling boat, which landed  
him on the Isle of Man, and from thence  
he contrived to reach London, bearing a  
letter from a priest at Kerry to another  
priest who had lived in the borough, the  
purport of which was to get him admitted  
into a monastery in France. But finding the  
Southwark priest was dead, he then  
went to Scotland, using various disguises;  
and returning to town, was afraid, though  
possessing some little money sent him by  
his mother, even to buy food, for fear of  
detection; but recollecting that Mr. Lauder,  
his old scholar, lived somewhere in the  
Temple, he had got directed by a porter to  
the lodging he night before.

My friend David, though he did not half  
like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the  
chamber till the following evening. He  
then procured him a place in the night  
coach to Rye, from whence he got to St.  
Valley, and was received, as I afterward  
learned from a very grateful letter which he  
sent to Lauder, into the monastery of La  
Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in  
strict seclusion, and died, as I heard, some  
years since.

Dr. Knox (Medical Times) describes the  
Saxon as "the fair-haired, blue-eyed  
race; the fairest race on the earth; perhaps  
the only absolutely fair race which has  
ever occupied the surface of the globe."

T. B. Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle.

Macaulay's sense of beauty is keen; but  
not deep; his enthusiasm has no central fire;  
his convictions want depth, and, as a conse-  
quence, his eloquence, with all its appear-  
ance of earnestness, wants force. The surface  
of his mind is large and active; but its re-  
gions below remain untroubled. The conse-  
quence is, that he has no influence on his  
age; he does not stimulate their minds.—  
He delights; he does not aspire. In reading  
him, we do not feel that his soul is  
speaking from its depth to the depth of ours.  
Compare him with Carlyle. Two more  
opposite men cannot be named in the same  
breath. Macaulay, clear, definite, elegant,  
methodical; crowding his pages with anti-  
thesis and illustrations; more solicitous about  
the fall of a period than about the accuracy  
of his assertion; grouping details into a pic-  
ture; fond of paradox, yet never probing be-  
neath the surface; expert in polemics, yet  
seldom fighting for great truths; captivat-  
ing the grace, and dazzling by the gorgeous-  
ness, of his diction, and leaving upon the  
reader's mind no more durable impression  
than that which a splendid spectacle leaves  
upon the mind of a theatrical audience.—  
Carlyle, rugged, mystical, abrupt, imme-  
thodical, unassuming, vehement, scornful,  
sarcastic, sardonic, and humorous; rich also  
in pictures; inordinately fond of paradox,  
but profoundly serious; striving at all times  
to see into the depths of things; disdainful  
of ordinary rules of composition, disdainful  
of all elegancies, graces, and shams of life  
and of literature; forever appealing to the  
soul of man, and bidding him remember  
that he is in the presence of the Infinite;  
sternly recalling those awful facts of life  
which frivolity endeavors to gloss over;  
fiercely preaching the imperative nature of  
duty and of earnestness; speaking in proph-  
et tones to a heedless generation; mingling  
the quaintest imagery and wildest buffoon-  
ry with the saddest pathos and the dearest  
gloom; a skeptic, yet a prophet; amidst al-  
ternate laughter and alternate tears, alter-  
nate exhortation and alternate contempt; he  
does not dazzle, he provokes, he does not  
captivate, he inspires and the impression  
he leaves upon the mind is various and abid-  
ing, as that left by a tragedy of Shakespeare.  
As specimens of literature, in the limited  
sense of the word, Macaulay's writings are  
incomparably superior; but if literature be  
something more than the amusement of cul-  
tivated intellects, something more than an  
intellectual luxury, for the dissipation of  
leisure hours, Carlyle's superiority is un-  
mistakable. Macaulay has delighted thou-  
sands. This is no slight thing, and we  
should be the last to undervalue it. But he  
has materially bettered no one. He has  
deepened no man's convictions, he has giv-  
ing fresh strength to no human soul. His in-  
fluence on his generation has been null.—  
Carlyle, though scorned by many for his of-  
fences against literary taste, and though  
dreaded by others for his reckless treatment  
of great questions, has nevertheless, produ-  
ced a visible influence on the minds of his  
contemporaries; he has given a direction to  
their thoughts, and has suggested so much  
thought that he is rightfully regarded as a  
teacher. This fact there is no gainsaying.  
Think what we may of the influence, be it  
evil or be it good, it is there. We could  
name more than one distinguished ornament  
of the church, whose rise has been rendered  
impossible because of the Carlyle "taint."  
We,—that is, the present writer—feel called  
upon here distinctly to declare, that with  
scarcely any living author have we less  
agreement than with Carlyle; yet we are,  
nevertheless, sensible of a great benefit de-  
rived from his writings.—There is an in-  
direct teaching not less valuable than the di-  
rect teaching. No serious thinker writes  
in vain. Carlyle has his affections, his  
shams; but he has his realities. Had he  
not lived, some of the most active minds of  
our generation would have been different;  
they would assuredly have been as active,  
it may be, wiser, but certainly different.—  
Now, it is impossible, we think, to say that  
any human being would have been other-  
wise had Macaulay never written. Some  
few might have written less picturesquely  
and less elegantly, but no human soul would  
have been poorer.—The British Quarterly  
for February.

Hope sang a song of future years,  
Replete with sunny hours;  
When present sorrow's dew-like tears  
Should all be hid in flowers.

But Memory backward turned her eyes,  
And taught the heart to fear  
More stormy clouds, more angry skies,  
With each succeeding year.

But still Hope sang, as by that voice  
Such warnings and words were given,  
In louder strains bade youth rejoice,  
And age look on to heaven.

Flowers.—A great many pretty things have been  
said of pretty women and flowers, but the  
real use of both have been overlooked.—  
Flowers and women seem to us the sunshine  
of the world, and one of the strongest argu-  
ments to prove that God is wise and good,  
is the fact that he neither forgot the one  
nor the other in the multifarious work of crea-  
tion. How the flowers sparkle over and beautify  
the hard, rough earth. Their meek and  
quiet beauty steals into all hearts, young  
and old. They are welcome everywhere.  
Go into the country and bring home roses,  
or poppies, as luck will let you, and the  
little children in the street will follow you,  
the nicely dressed child, and the ragged and  
dirty faced little one; all will throng your  
path, saying in words, or longing looks,  
"please give me a flower."

Flowers never disappoint us, as the wo-  
men (heaven bless them!) do sometimes.  
They would not if we did not expect too  
much of them. Of the flowers we ask only  
beauty and fragrance. We do not look to  
them for a future. Enough that they fill  
the present with an odorous blessing.

We have always a thrill when we see  
flowers in the window, and we like to see a  
man who wears a pink, or a rose in a but-  
ton-hole. There is a pleasant association  
with the flower if not with him, for we are  
certain fair hands placed it there. Then  
when we see plants in the window of a  
house, be it ever so humble, we are sure  
there is no scolding there, and if from sad  
experience we find that the fair cultivators  
of the roses do so, we comfort ourselves  
by thinking how much worse they would  
be without the flowers.

A pot of roses, a pink, a geranium, a  
beliotree, how they brighten the home of  
poverty. How we forget the cheap, ugly  
chest of drawers, the hard, old and defaced  
chairs, the thread-bare, poverty-stricken car-  
pet, when we see these unfolding their  
beauty and sweetness in the windows. A  
well-mended frock and a clean pin-stole  
are sure to keep them company, on a child,  
who though poor, may be as pretty as any  
poetry.

We bespeak flowers. We want our path  
literally strewn with them. They are a  
necessary of life here. In another and bet-  
ter world they may be a luxury.

The Poetry of Science.

The London Examiner, noticing Mr. Hunt's  
recent publication, the "Poetry of Science,"  
glances at some of the recent marvels of fact  
which have taken the place, in the popular mind,  
of the ancient marvels in the imaginations of  
men:

"Science," it says, "has gone down into  
the mines and coal pits, and before the safety-  
lamp the Gnomes and Genii of those  
dark regions have disappeared. But, in  
their stead the process by which metals are  
engendered in the course of ages; the growth  
of plants which, hundreds of fathoms under  
ground, and in black darkness, have still a  
sense of the sun's presence in the sky, and